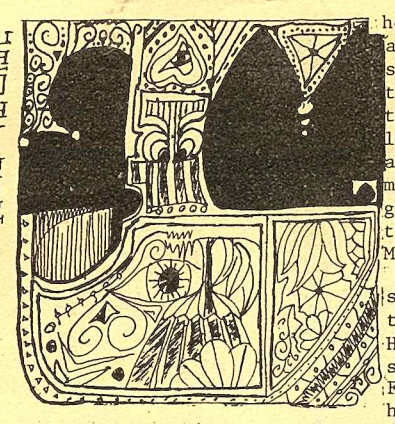
16/30 VOL. 1. ISSUE 1. '67 25¢

Mother of Voices



here is a place, I am told, at the Capitol building where any citizen can stand and look between the white superstructure at the dead body of slumland laid out neatly upon the table of horizon. I stood there symbolically and turned the 360 directions. But I did not use the rhetorical kaleidoscope to mute what I saw. It was a good beginning, this attempt to follow Ariadne's string out of the labyrinth of my impressions, the book talk, picture postcard, propagandistic filth, of what I as true-blue, ever-loving son of the dawn and public education was led to believe was this Mecca, this Washington.

We arrived. Out of the bus into the troops. Off the screen the good guys came. There was no Tonto. Nowhere was there a Tonto. I looked as we walked, saw multitudes of Hoppy's, white hats cocked and emblazoning the early morning sunlight the way darkness makes even crudity acceptable. Long Fellini lines of humans, young humans, desire linked, beauty holding hands and making perorational processions down the corridors of buildings toward the mirror and blotch of sanity spread out under the sky of Lincoln's cold, removed, stony and no longer relevant eyes. We got to the mall, went around and around, became dazed by the born, the people assembled, haltingly moving, among each other, toward each other, in aimless fashion, filled with the color of personality worn on their bodies, just damned flooding, cascading and exploding from eyes.

I have seen eyes before with that sudden coming, that irradiance tumbling, spreading out from some vault inside. To touch eyes in other than Donne poems, to feel eyes suddenly intertwine and have the voices quiet, slow down, as if you'd lost your way into the room in the center of a pueblo. As if you had climbed ladders, and crossed pavilions, stepped along infinite gravel walks, gone up and down byways and innuendoes of concepts,felt the impulsion of human archetypical yearning for some sense of reality, some concrete form to the body of splendor your mind holds forth in fantasy as the apex, the community, the place where humans are as they must come to be. You go into and out of silent private rooms for years and years, forgetting the beginning, even forgetting the end, wishing only to turn a corner, to end the yearning, to know that there does, there does exist, there undeniably exists human beings who are good.

Somewhere the doors of the pueblo were forged, and the forger mentioned, whispered into the living wood that someday they must die. Centuries of living, of humans existing and needing at one moment something other than was supplied to them by precedence, has brought the rooms atop rooms, behind and in front of the central room, until now, when you approach the house that Adam built, you can't see into it. You can't see its reason. It has no form, it has no meaning beyond the one that arises if you accept that humans living in the todays had needs that required responses in the todays. And that often if not always they forgot that there would be tomorrows. Or that in the yesterdays there were mistakes made, or that in the tomorrows there would be new needs that had nothing to do with the structures that yesterday had been built of concrete and mortar and insistence.

So there is this big house into which you want to pass. The rooms have doors and someone knows the secret that the artisans of doors have passed down through the ages. And someone is going to discover the secret and say the words or think the thoughts or act the ways that are required. The house will fall.

It fell for me. I was sitting on the floor deep in the center where there had been darkness. In the center of the floor there was a fire and no man placed fuel on the fire yet the fire burned. Around the fire sat 200,000 humans and in their eyes was the light of the fire. When they turned toward you, faced you, and the fire was behind them, still their eyes glowed, still was there that iridescence which explodes. And that was as it felt to me, this arriving, this coming together in that crowd with humans who are good, who are gentle, who have not the ugly crushing fear that destroys the human spirit and makes of what could be a creature of love, a creature of power and hatred.

The march was finally beginning. Lines of fifteen were being formed around the mall. The police had delayed the beginning by changing routes and forcing the organizers to keep the procession no more than fifteen humans wide. But no one but the demonstrators would be using the roads to the Pentagon. A national holiday had been declared. The Pentagon officials had made sure that no employees would be arriving for weekend work, or that no supporters could mass themselves along the route. But who in Washington, in the city of government workers, of segregationists and lobbyists, of townhouses and whiteyhood, who in the pretty city on a weekend, a long weekend, would be inconvenienced by whether the marchers in leaving the mall area went to the left or the right of the Monument to get to the bridge across the grey scum flood of the Potomac?

My wife and I joined the Amherst people as the line began to move slowly. We had been there six hours, wandering and questioning, examining eyes and placards and speeches. Our bodies were weak. We had had no rest, no food, and only the chemically treated water of the fountains to drink. The halting movement of the column of people, the endless waiting, movement for minutes, then halting for minutes, I did not think I could bear. I wanted to stop and sit on the bridge sidewalk. I wanted to get out of the burning sun, to find someplace to put down my heavy coat.

Forward motion was aimless and strange, not the motion of the whole procession: for it, there was the road to the Pentagon. But within the procession movement was unconscious. We seemed to ooze from the right to the left side of the road. The starting and halting, the mixture of currents at places along the lines, some people moving faster than others, producing swirling and regrouping, small sections of a rank finding itself in one moment fifty yards farther along than the rank it had begun with. There were few people along the sidewalks. I saw only one person with a derisive sign.

But we came to the end of the bridge and looking down to the left could see the Pentagon in trees a mile away. The line feeted forward. It was dismaying to see those who had already reached the demonstration area returning in droves from the Pentagon area. Looking from our limited vantage of the height of the end of the bridge, it semmed as if we were all hoaxed into thinking that once come, one's mission was done. So the cops sent the march, it seemed that way, into a long circular looping road. Though it looked as if it would end at the Pentagon, it ended back at the bridge, it just made an enormous loop that deceived the people into thinking that by taking the road they could go somewhere. That is what we thought, we who came to the grounds in the part of the march crossing the bridge about 4:00. Thousands of people were returning as if they had been sent in a circle. I became angry and was not tired: I wanted to be there at the end of the route. I wanted to face the bleak fear of the end.

The end. We were there. Crowd, not procession now, but settled stop of young humans spreading out about the front of the war mart. The old for the most part were gone, left behind in the parking lot near the speaker's platform, listening to Spock, etc., before boarding their busses or entering

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D.C.

Why am I going? Christ... People are killed in Vietnam and oppressed in the ghetto. Trite as hell, but this country is Fucked Up! A minority...with a majority neurotic. "Trouble comin' everyday. Got to do something? What, one in 180 or is it 190 or 200 million, can I do? Maybe I'm latching onto anything with a possibility. One alone...maybe together it might work. Riots, cops, Civil Disobedience; how the hell is force going to make THEM realize that force doesn't work?

D.C., 6000 paratroopers and cops and cops and cops. H. Rapp Brown in the ghetto. I HAVE to be back for classes. Feel like singing "It's all right Ma, I'm only bleeding," and walking into crystalline night. If a guy thinks that killing is the way to cope with life, he can go in the army and get a license. What the fuck can I do?

Students for Political Action...now, action: writing editorials to a plastic campus, talking guardedly to friends, huddling in our group talking about how bad the war is. Out of the womb of the university and into the growling and hissing world. Passing the thin dotted line. Well, if it doesn't do a god damn thing, at least I'll find out what it's all about.

40 degrees at the Amherst Common. A group of shivering bodies with others buying peace rations in Rapps. Even the shrouded moon looks pensive tonight.

The Rappian Delegation troops across the street and we are ready. Busses finally leave fifty minutes late.

"What happened in Hamp?"

"I heard the guys from the Commercial College started a fight."

"Hey, who's smoking?"

"Do you think you can get me a date with Lois?"

"Sure, you're an Amherst freshman."

"I can see a guy who has studied the question being closed-minded, but my roommate doesn't even know a thing!"

"If Northampton riots, what will happen in D.C.?"

I'm a little down, maybe it is just the coffee wearing off. What good is education without thought, and what good is thought without commitment and action? Hey Lyndon, don't your hands smell kinda funny?

CHRIST! I just got settled down into a drifting shifting dream, light punctures my eyeballs. Now that you're asleep, you need a rest stop. It's THREE A.M. Pad out still wearing the shades I wore to shield my retinas from the sleep reddening photons. I didn't need red dreams.

What to my eyes should appear? Flower children taking over HOJO's. Down right surrealistic. Three busses from UConn and our three. Snack bar is clogged with people, but for some reason there is no pushing or cutting in line. I meet one of my best friend's girlfriend whose friend has a butterfly decaled on her cheek.

Back on the road, struggling for Orpheus' good will. There is no comfortable position in a bus seat.

Christ, they did it again. Now it's a 6:30 breakfast. I look at the food in the dawn grey light, and decide that this is one fast I would just as soon not break. Compromise

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THE DOPE

Without the usual trumpets of the established press, various enforcement agencies operating in Massachusetts have banded together for an experiment in cooperation to bust everybody.

Reportedly among these agencies are: U.S. Customs, Federal Bureau of Narcotics, Massachusetts Attorney General's Office, F.D.A., Bureau of Drug Abuse Prevention, F.B.I. and certain other local agencies.

The above agencies, aided by assorted "special agents," informers, and administrators on certain campuses, are attempting to halt any and all illicit drug traffic. That includes pot.

Working as a cohesive team, it is very likely that their batting average will significantly increase and many more lives will be either ruined entirely or stunted.

These agents and their central offices continue to accept information from local police forces but will not actively work with them because (thank God) there are too many leaks in the local forces.

How do they operate?

In this area, Umass-Northampton, they have been helped by the local police forces which have furnished lists of names and dossiers on various individuals. To be so listed an individual need not be a head, merely be seen with a suspected head.

Now operating on the Umass campus are at least three known agents, as well as sporadic forays by field agents of other agencies and sneaky-clever local plainclothes cops.

Aided by elements of the Amherst Police Force, they are not-so-quietly gathering all names that are at all conected with drugs. They are also marking certain individuals for entrapment and/or arrest. Primarily, their goal is to bust the "pushers." The working rule being that anybody selling over one pound in a month is a pusher.

They are ruthless. Hopefully they are seeking plastic part-time potheads to lead them to a larger source. Quite often they will tell such an individual, "We will not prosecute you if you help out." However, past performance has shown that their promises are as ephemeral as the smoke they're looking for now. These agents are also actively recruiting informers from among the students and non-students around the area.

Certain widely held attitudes aid them in the hunt, especially the attitude "We can spot them." Them being the FEDS, when in reality, most of the legitimate agents operating here are not federal but state and local. Not to mention informal agents, informers, acquiescent administrators, and the like. The agents are patient They can wait for sporadic outbreaks of paranoia to dissipate. Too many people in this area are getting too damn complacent and even amazingly apathetic about getting busted or unwittingly getting their friends busted.

Paranoia is bad, but trusting everyone or almost everyone and/or not taking at least some precautions, is being stupid and is inviting a bust. Many recent arrests for grass would not have taken place if the individuals concerned had employed minimal intelligence in their contacts and in preserving some type of security.

For many it may be a funny ludicrous game, but in this game, you don't pass Go, you do not collect $200, you do most emphatically go to Jail.

People in authority may think it their duty to report your alleged activities. So may others you may trust and to whom you have made indiscreet comments.

Be watchful for anyone asking sensitive questions or apparently observing you. This includes dormitory counselors, administrators, school health officials and especially recently acquired friends.

You cannot recognize every agent but you can minimize the knowledge they can gather. A CONCERNED MOTHER

The Mother of Voices
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aunties: Steve Krinsky, John Canney, Richard Carr, Eric Kramer
illegitimate children:
J. Campana, J. Charles, J. Clark, E. Coughlin, T. Dabrowski, R. Danca, E. Felien, B. Fletcher, N. Kaplan, K. Kane, C. Levine, E. Matys, J. Mutti, L. Mello, P. Moody, Neil Parent, M. Pilon, J. Roland, C. Rossborough, W. Saltman, E. Sandel, M. Schafer, L. Werner
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MOTHER OF VOICES

Summary report from Sgt Pepper, director of Spectacle for Colonel Cooney's Looney Army

It all happened so simply and naturally. I met Jim Cooney at the Northampton Peace Vigil, and he told me about how he'd like to protest the war more emphatically than the silent vigil line on Sundays. He wanted to attack the war where it begins, with the drafting of young men from Hampshire County: "The local draft board, a group of 'respected' men from this community that process this grim selection for the honor of it." I listened. He spoke with intensity, the kind of intensity that marks both the saint and the madman. Jimmy is not mad, and he might well be a saint. Later, once the hecklers knew our names, they called us "Cooney's Looney Army." I was proud to serve.

We broached the idea to Michael Rice, one of the leaders of the Vigil. He suggested two other Smith faculty that might buy the idea. We decided on a Monday lunch meeting at my place. Mike brought Marjorie and Phil, and five of us started to work.

The anticipated scenario went something like this. We would demonstrate in front of the draft board at their monthly meeting, protesting the drafting of young men from Hampshire County going to fight a war that only a minority of citizens really believe in. We would try to see the Board and ask them to explain why they would not resign. We had to ask them to resign, because if we asked for something small they could seem to give in and undercut the demonstration.

I wasn't sure we could carry it off, but I overestimated the intelligence and shrewdness of Faulkner and the other Draft and City officials.

The demonstrations could have ended any time Faulkner chose. All he had to do was meet with us publicly, smile, and nod his head. But he played his part better than if we'd told him how to act. The longer Faulkner held out, the more we felt public opinion would tend to favor us and our position on the war.

We were scheduled to begin the following Monday, October 16th, at 7 o'clock.

When my wife and I got there, two minutes past seven, there was only one person there. It's always absolute hell to show up first on a picket line. You feel like such an obvious fool. There were, across the street and coming out of the bar next door, about a hundred on-lookers and hecklers. I didn't expect this at all.

After an eternity of three to five minutes, a half dozen others arrived and we collected in a circle. By another five minutes we had about twenty to thirty and enough for a line.

As soon as the line formed, the hecklers from across the street came over. They formed a ring around us and started razzing us. Only a couple were really ugly, throwing lit matches into girls' hair, trying to trip demonstrators--but most of them were loud and trying to provoke a fight.

We ended up with almost 100 demonstrators and probably 100 to 150 counter-demonstrators. There were three or four policemen around and they did their best to keep order, but since they'd never had a demonstration in Northampton before, they really didn't know what to expect.

The demonstrators, per usual, were silent and peaceful and kept moving in a circle outside the entrance to the Draft Board. The police allowed the counter-demonstrators to collect and remain stationary.

In cities more used to demonstrations (New York and Minneapolis being cases I'm most familiar with) the police either ask the counter-demonstrators to keep moving or they set up barricades between them and the demonstrators. This prevents physical contact and possible violence, but it also prevents or seriously hampers the possibility of dialogue between demonstrators and counterdemonstrators. Most of us on the line felt that the closeness of the counter-demonstrators was good and might add to understanding.

When some of us could take time out from the line to talk with them, we could quite often feel we were making progress. Some of those we reached either didn't show up as counter-demonstrators on following days or if they did show up they were silent and thoughtful. This was always a small percentage, but it was enough up to the middle of the week to make us feel that we were making progress.

At about seven-thirty Faulkner and the four other members of the Board showed up. They walked together through the line and into the building. We told the police sergeant in charge that we wanted to go up and see the Board. They relayed this information upstairs. The Board said that they would see two representatives of the demonstration. We sent Jimmy Cooney and Eric Bohman, chairman of Smith-Amherst SDS to the door.

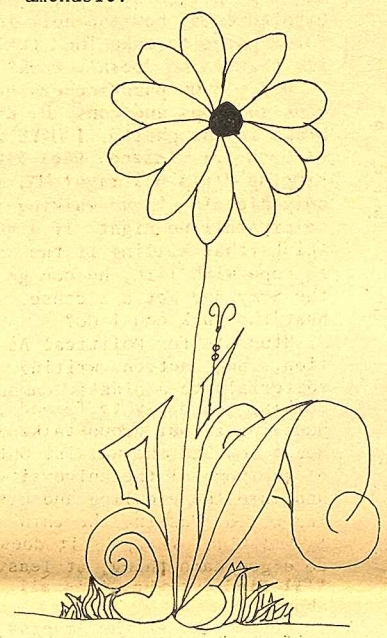
The Board changed its mind. Now it would not see anyone. Of course, this was all to the good. If they had seen us, it might have ended the demonstrations. We announced to the line that they would not see us. We said that we would demonstrate the next day from noon to one o'clock in front of City Hall to try to see Faulkner and get some answers to our questions about the practices of his board.

Faulkner and his friends left at around nine o'clock and I stopped the line and started a chant after him: "Why won't you see us Mr. Faulkner?" This became one of the rallying cries and the ostensible motivation for a continuation of the line.

We broke up shortly after that. There were no fights or serious incidents in the vicinity of the line, but one kid from Northampton Commercial College was supposedly beaten by three or four of his schoolmates.

The NCC kids played a pivotal role in the continuation and aftermath of the demonstrations. They represented the only large and semi-coordinated opposition. Quite often incidents would occur and they would either be blamed for them or become involved in them. It wasn't at all difficult later for an old heckler to spur some of the NCC kids on to violent acts.

It's difficult to generalize about this group, but later several facets of the group became clear. About half the NCC kids were veterans, and these veterans had no interest in talking. We on the line were "grapes" and "cowardly commies." The other half were draftable and verging on hysteria. They felt that if they were drafted they would serve, and if they had to serve they felt it should mean something. They didn't want to take the chance of getting their ass shot off for nothing, and they resented our implication that the war was immoral and wrong. It was the second group that was to become the most vociferous and finally the most amenable.



The next day we (about 50) met in front of City Hall. We walked around in a circle and tried to talk to the hecklers, and at about twelve-thirty I led about thirty in to see Faulkner. He, of course, refused to see us: "Only on City business from nine to five." He slammed the door on us, and I made an appointment to see him the next day. Since Faulkner wouldn't see us, we could come back the next day. The mob was there to insure publicity, and I was careful to invite them back the next day.

That afternoon and the rest of the week we were page one in the Hampshire Gazette and all over the radio and television. The shock was hopefully going to stir up the apathy and polarize the opinions of the town. Only after the town realized that there was an issue of some importance dividing it could the people of the town begin to seek means to discuss this issue.

A demonstration never accomplishes anything in itself. All it can do is call attention to an issue. By calling attention to an issue, it can sometimes force people to deal with that issue. But the final solution to the issue must come from the people to whom the demonstration is directed, not from the demonstrators themselves. We were demonstrating for the town and it was our hope that the town would eventually get concerned enough about the issue to want to discuss it and take some critical action.

Demonstrations continued in front of City Hall for the next couple of days without serious incident. Each day there were between thirty to eighty demonstrators and about one hundred counter-demonstrators. Each day I would lead a group into City Hall to talk to Faulkner. Each day he would refuse to see us. (He finally stopped showing up at City Hall at all, or left before we got there). We would then go upstairs to see the mayor, who also avoided seeing us. Each day we would try to make personal contact with the counter-demonstrators and try for dialogue.

The NCC kids had gotten upset with Tuesday's leaflet which accused them of nastiness the night before. Most of the accusations were correct, but they didn't like to be publicly condemned. Also, Faulkner had complimented them on their militant behavior and the police tended to encourage them.

Somehow, by Thursday, a rumor had started that the demonstrators intended to burn a flag. The rumor was false. No one intended to burn a flag, but it served as a convenient excuse for the counter-demonstrators to "get the demonstrators" on the following day.

They showed up Friday with their own placard. It read, "Burn the Draft Dodgers." They burned our leaflets after stealing them out of our hands. They made numerous sorties through our meager picket line. The line was smaller Friday because a lot of kids had gone out of town and because latecomers could not get through a solid ring of counter-demonstrators numbering about 100 to 150. When a dozen of them would charge through our line they'd slug and kick their way through. They continued to press in on us.

I asked the police to keep them back. They said, "What can we do? Why don't you just go home." Not very constitutional, but, then, they were inexperienced.

After three or four charges, I got our line up against the wall of City Hall. That way, at least, we could face our antagonists and not get hit from behind.

I asked the women to leave, but they insisted that it was their fight too. Nancy Rice was especially adamant and courageous. With our backs to the wall we were very vulnerable. The mob threw eggs and crowded in. They got face to face and they stopped. It grew quiet.

They started singing the National Anthem. The Smith girls in back of me joined right in with voices that Jimmy later described as the sound of angels. The mob stopped singing. The girls continued. They finished the Anthem and went on to "America the Beautiful" and "God Bless America." One of our men started, "Gonna lay down my sword and shield, down by the riverside." This the mob knew was seditious.

"Get 'em! That's when they made the decision for blood. The next thing I saw was a fist inches from my face. I tried but knew I couldn't duck. It hit me on the forehead and split me wide open. I pushed as many of them back as I could but they had gotten through. I was worried about the girls, but I needn't have been. First, because the guys in the mob were only interested in a little action from the guys in the line, and, second, the police, I was told later, had warned them: "If they burn a flag, get 'em, but don't touch the girls.

When I could look around, the first thing I saw was Jimmy standing over the fallen body of his son. I was terrified. I hurried over. Gabe had gotten busted in the face and his nose was bleeding, but he was all right. I shoved our people out of the line. I told them, "This is it. We're going home. Get out of here," When most of them were out, I shouted to the mob, "Okay, fellahs, okay. You won for today, but we'll be back on Monday."

Three or four Smithies walked with me up the hill back to my apartment offering me Kleenex to mop my bleeding brows.

Sunday afternoon there was a meeting at the Unitarian Church in Amherst of all parties interested in the continuation of the demonstrations. About a hundred-fifty turned up. This was encouraging. We thought we'd maybe have two hundred or so on Monday. We decided on two groups of picketers. One to continue the Faulkner-Draft thing and the other representing just the right to dissent.

The Amherst Student had done an effectively inflammatory Extra on Friday following the melee, and this promised to bring out liberals concerned about Constitutional rights.

The turn-out Monday was beyond any expectations. Over eight hundred people from all over--students, faculty, townspeople, a Marine, everyone came. It was a spectacle worth having. The hecklers were there still, but mightily intimidated. All previous fears and apprehensions vanished. Finally there were just too many of us to be put down.

We tried to keep the lines separate, but everyone wanted to join the Faulkner-Draft line and so one fantastically long line resulted.

There was one fortuitous disturbance. A group from Amherst had brought a large, auditorium-sized Flag--with pole. They carried this during the demonstration, and once again the hecklers thought we meant

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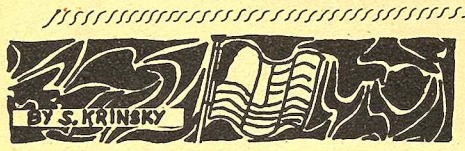


From the comfort of my nice warm middle-class home, I, like so many others of my age, witnessed with outrage the goings-on in our American South back in the early sixties. My personal reactions then seemed clear and as a young high school student I stood firmly for the cause of Freedom and Equality. I was appalled by Bull Connor and his dogs, by the eruption of Oxford, Mississippi, by the many "unsolved" deaths and Southern justice, by the murder of the three young Civil Rights workers,--by violence and hatred the likes of which I had never before seen. But I saw it all on TV, I read of it in the papers, I was really very far away, secure and safe in my uniracial suburban community. And though I then thought I knew what it was like to be hated and beaten and threatened, I guess I never did.

But now, four years later, I begin to understand. For though I never will know what it is like to be black in this country, I now know what it is like to be attacked by a hate-filled mob.

But it did not happen in the South over racial issues, rather it occurred in a small New England town over a peace issue. The coincidences of that Friday--the 20th of October--with the suffocating South of the sixties are frightfully and ironically ever-present. For example, in the same broadcast that announced the violence in Northampton, there was mention of the conviction of seven men for the "murder" of the three Civil Rights workers in Mississippi in 1964. And the coincidences go much further, but the most significant parallel is the most unnoticed.

Now that I have recovered from the physical and psychological results of being personally attacked, I can see the implications and questions which most clearly arise from the incident.

Back then--the early 60's--how far it seemed from New England to Mississippi, how distant was the violence and hatred from sedate, peaceful suburban Massachusetts. It was the typical reaction of most Northerners--especially liberal Northerners--to deplore the violence, yet to disclaim it as foreign. "It can't happen here," they would say. But it did happen here, in the hometown of Calvin Coolidge, in the view of noble Smith College, here in New England, home of the town meeting, center of democracy.

And like violence in the South, it is no isolated incident. It cannot be disclaimed, though there are many who would like to do so. It cannot be ended by reconciliation, by church sermons, by apologies; it is deeper, its ramifications go beyond the immediate issues.

It is not enough to be ashamed and shocked, to come out for Free Speech and the Right to Dissent, or even to join the picket line. 1000 people came to Northampton the following Monday to join in unity against the forces of Evil, and it was beautiful, the strength, the solidarity. The mob, the town, even the police were shocked. We showed 'em, right?

No. We did not. The violence hasn't ended--the hate still runs rampant, the threats continue, the atmosphere is very tense.

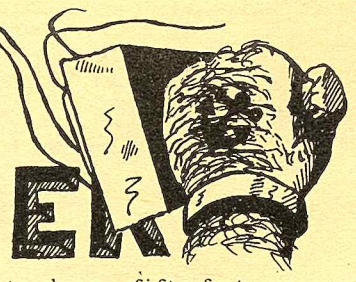
And it's not just the atmosphere of Northampton, Massachusetts. It is all over the United States--and most notably--it is part of the United States. For we are not the "peace-loving" country of the myths: we are arrogant, powerful, angry, paternal, frightening, beyond the scope of which any American could dream.

Read the foreign press: ask an African or Latin-American student.

It takes a rare occasion to carry this violence into physical attack--and when it happens, we rationalize quite well. We are not the best just because we are the biggest; we are not the "guiding light" because we have succeeded in certain ways. The American system is violent, aggressive: it tells people what to do; it is a "rat race" in which the losers are humiliated, threatened, and ostracized.

Whether it is the violence of Viet Nam or the exploitation of Mexican-Americans, the suppression of Black culture or the advertising industry or assault in Northampton, we violently assert our self-righteousness and strength. It is the American way. It happened here.

POLICE BLOTTER



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Resistance week in Northampton is over. Things still go on behind Ed Felein's walls but the action in the streets has momentarily come to an end. That should be qualified: open public action has ended, but a reign of terror has begun.

On October 16, a Northampton Commercial College student was beaten by his classmates for taking part in the Resistance demonstrations of that day. Then, there are the events of Friday, the 20th, which the American Legion Post wants to celebrate yearly as Patriot's Day. Saturday, a student with the word "Love" painted on his car was accosted by a vigilante committee of four in the Newbury parking lot: time, afternoon. On the same day, the wife of the owner of a book store in Northampton was surrounded by

a group of outraged NCC students who fortunately only barraged her verbally. Sunday, a thirteen year old girl was distributing flyers near the peace vigil. A man brought his car to an abrupt stop, jumped from his phallic extension, towered over the girl, swore at her, intimidated her. This service station attendant was doing his duty, granted license by the example of the cops of Hamp. A girl was beaten on Monday night in Northampton: the NCC crowd again. The cops refused to let the girl sign a complaint, harassed her so that now she does not want to get involved. But Monday afternoon (October 23) following the huge demonstration of 1000 people, there was a *beating, "assault" in jurisprudential jargon.* Odds: ten NCC students against three Amherst students and one Smith girl. The incident occurred in daylight in the middle of town, before many shoppers, businessmen, clerks, police. The cops were there: they did nothing. This is the story of that glory.

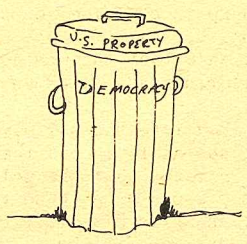
Monday's huge demonstration ended. The crowd cleared from the Smith campus. The flag was brought to the Chapel by a chaplain and a Columbia-the-gem-of-the-ocean type girl. Normalcy was restored to the downtown area. Small groups drifted along and away. Pete Schlessinger, Amherst '68 and his fiancee, Caryn Sugarman, Smith '68, walked from the Smith campus toward Main St. Pete noticed two of the most vociferous hecklers strutting along the sidewalk. Schlessinger is a photographer and had been covering the demonstration for the Amherst Student. He snapped a picture of the two, who saw that he had. One of them, Richard Frederick Benson, ran toward Pete who had then been joined by another Amherst student, Charles Delbaum. Benson tried to grab Pete's camera, couldn't, and said, "Better not take another picture or I'll smash you." Dean Swarzbaugh of Smith witnessed the interchange, fifty feet away were a police cruiser and three cops. Pete yelled to them, "Officer! I need some help! They're going to take the camera." The cops did not move. They looked toward Pete. Pete said that such a response from the cops simply reinforced Benson and his group.

Pete, Karen, and Charles walked toward downtown Northampton. They were joined by John Lipscomb, Amherst '68, and Jon Prude, Amherst '68. The group of students from Northampton Commercial College, led by Benson and Anthony Jakacky, followed behind them, walked on their heels, and spat at them. The Amherst people tried to ignore them.

Two news photographers from WHYN were getting into their panel truck and were told to wait and cover what seemed about to happen. The incident which occured in the middle of Main Street was filmed completely.

Pete and his group crossed Main Street to the North side in front of Newbury's. The NCC people cut in front of them and walked into them. Benson pushed Pete and hit him in the side of the head with a right roundhouse. Jakacky smashed Charles Delbaum in the mouth, turned toward Jon Prude, whose back was to Jakacky, and hit him in the back of the head, sending Prude sprawling on the trunk of a parked car. Caryn was unharmed, just jostled. By then there were hundreds of people watching. Not one cop was present, although only thirty minutes had passed since the end of the demonstration. An Amherst student, Ed Barron, went for the police. He went to City Hall. They told him it was the wrong place. They told him he should go to the Police Station. They did not call the police.

Meanwhile, some students who had stopped their cars in the middle of the street had separated the NCC students from Pete and his group. One of the students who stopped was Lou Sullivan, Amherst '68. Benson and Jakacky wanted to continue fighting. Benson said to Pete, "You're chicken." Pete, "Yeah, I'm chicken. You've won." Pete and his group moved away, down Centre St. to the police station. Two police cruisers, one with the plate number 463, had passed, but hadn't stopped during the last interchange which took



place in the middle of the street.

The NCC students moved off. Then two police cruisers drove up, came the short distance from the Police Station. The NCC students came toward them, and commenced explaining what had happened. Someone approached the cops and told them that the names of the students should be taken because an assault complaint was being filed against the two NCC students. The police ignored him; they didn't push him off as they did the other spectators but they refused to question the NCC students. He took down Benson's name. Benson felt there was nothing to lose by revealing it to him. If the example of the cops was the basis of Benson's confidence, he was correct.

The name was given to Pete Schlessinger who was at the police station. The incident should have been completed; it wasn't, however. The cops let the NCC students go, but they did not leave the area; they waited for Pete and his group to leave the stationhouse.

Pete said the conversation in the police office went the following way:

"May we register a complaint?"

"No. This is not the place."

"Do you register at the Police Station?"

"Yes."

"I want this on the police blotter."

The police took down the information, replying: "You have to go to the County Clerk's Office."

Pete thought the clerk's office was in the City Hall. The group walked on the sidewalk up Main St. A woman, standing, said to Charles Delbaum, who

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2

A few weeks ago a Smith student was beaten into unconsciousness and then possibly raped. But when Melissa Scott and her friends reported the incident to the Northampton Police, she and they were treated as criminals and (possibly...)rapists.

Missy was coming home from her part-time job at 1:30 AM and decided to visit some friends on Pleasant St. While she was climbing the stairs to the friends' apartment, she was attacked by local boys who had been bothering her at work (a local ice cream parlor). These boys, Missy thinks, saw her in the demonstration Friday, providing a motivation for the assault. In any case, she was thrown into a state of shock and was lying unconscious on the steps.

Sometime later, her friends found her. Missy obviously needed attention, but she and her friends had to spend a few hours determining the desirability of going to the police. One of the men who found her, James Sanford, because of involvement in an unreasonable eviction, had his name on the police blotter under the designation "Hippy." Missy and her friends were concerned about the implications of this inscription in future relations with the local gendarmes. With good reason.

By the time they decided to report the case, it was 4:30 am. One of the first questions the interrogating officer asked when they arrived was "Why so late in reporting this incident?"They explained. (See above.) Next question: "Why did you bother to bring her in at all?"

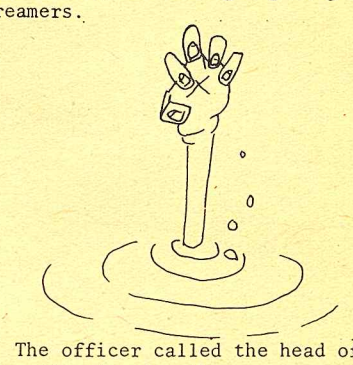
The cop who was establishing this rapport between himself and his clients claimed to be partially deaf, giving him the excuse to yell and bark--which he did at every opportunity. Since this officer managed to comment appropriately on things Missy was whispering to her friends, it can be assumed that Uncle Cop's claim was dubious.

Meanwhile, Missy was becoming hysterical again, no doubt wondering why she, the victim, was being treated as the criminal.

Meanwhile, too, the cop had discovered that some relative of one of Missy's friends was a friend of his. Said cop demonstrated the importance of this fact by asking the girl many relevant questions, some pertaining to the people's new address. When the girl answered, the cop accused her of lying. The time involved in this nonsense was close to thirty minutes.

Why was the officer more concerned with the health and whereabouts of his friends(who are fine, thank you) than Missy(who isn't)? Why all this bullshit?

At this point lesser souls might have raised their finger in salute and walked out, but the group was getting pissed off. They wanted redress of grievances, and were going to get it. Dreamers.



The officer called the head of Smith Security, turning the case over to him. Why why why why why why why why? Missy's past experiences at Smith gave no reason to believe that this turnover was anything positive, which, of course, proved true. Dean Russell of Smith told Missy to report to the infirmary or her parents would be notified! What in the name of Orwell does all this SHIT have to do with the fact that Missy was beaten on the streets of Northampton?

Finally, in accordance with Missy's wishes of privacy, the police were asked to keep the case quiet, whereupon the bastards replied "The public has a right to know. We'll make sure it gets in the papers."

It's in the papers now.

---Augustus

3

"Dana" Black was arrested in Greenfield recently for driving offences and drug charges. At the time he was driving a borrowed car. Black was booked and jailed. The owner of the car, an 18-year old Northampton resident, Diane Berube, was informed she could pick up her car the next morning.

She and girlfriend Debi Goodale went to Greenfield and were faced with a boorish officer who harrased, threatened and intimidated the two girls. Here's their story:

"We were nervous in the first place, although we really had no reason to be. The police treated us like scum, like we were the guilty ones (and I mean guilty). The police said Dana had some grass on him, there was none in the car. The police claimed they found the stuff in the car and threatened to impound the car if... if what? They didn't say.

"Then they started--that is, this one cop in particular--he was really nasty, like he seemed to enjoy torturing us--catching us when we hesitated in answering questions, when we stuttered out of nervousness. Like he'd say 'what are you stuttering for? You smoke pot, don't you? You go to pot orgies, don't you? C'mon, I know. admit it. Why are you nervous?' He kept on like this, finally he asked 'What would your parents say if they knew you associated with colored people?' I told him they wouldn't care and he seemed shook, but continued harrasing us and preying on our nervousness. It was really awful, we

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to burn it. I'm not at all convinced that they really ever thought we were going to burn a flag, but I think they wanted to think it in order to justify a little action. In any case, there was a definite threat of attack on the flag and on the demonstrators once the demonstration broke up.

Rev. Unsworth of the Smith Chapel was trying all afternoon to calm things down, and he led us onto Smith grounds from the demonstration, the grounds being less than a block away. It was unthinkable that the mob would follow us there. And to make sure that the flag made it there safely, he recruited a Catholic priest (who had actually been with the hecklers) to help him carry it onto the grounds.

But a girl, supposedly from NCC and supposedly with a boyfriend in Vietnam, completely "freaked out" and was determined to get the flag away from anyone connected with the demonstrators. She obviously thought the clergy was in cahoots with us and were going to be the ones to light the match to "Old Glory." She wouldn't give up her hold on the flag for love, money or any kind of religious persuasion. So, the priest traded places with her.

The counter-demonstrators had, of course, followed us to Smith campus. Sophia Smith must have turned over and felt raped in her grave. They gathered in a ring around the demonstrators (who were now seated on the grass).

President Mendenhall stepped in at this point and asked the Townies to leave. They started to heckle him, and he threatened to debate with them the Constitutional right of assembly and protest.

Fortunately, this tableau has been preserved and was on the front of Smith's weekly newspaper, The Sophian: reading from left to right, Eric Bohman looking at a leaflet, Rev. Unsworth holding onto the girl, the girl holding onto the flag, and Mendenhall pointing accusingly at the mob. To anyone who doesn't know any better, it looks like God and Flag and the Ivy League defending freedom of dissent.

It couldn't have turned out better.

It's the only way progress was made in Civil Rights--you had to get the Church, the government and educational institutions to move off dead center before the public would seriously consider change in the status quo.

Institutional change happened fast. Before the hecklers had left, some of the Smith faculty moved in to institutionalize the protest.

The first of the long series of meetings between both sides was that afternoon at five o'clock. At that time we conveniently called off further demonstrations. We had peaked, and there was no hope of duplicating as large a crowd as there was on Tuesday. If we continued we would eventually go downhill. We had to stop now and gather what fruits of victory we could. Also, we had what we most wanted: dialogue.

Faulkner had "blown his cool" so many times that it would be easy to continue a campaign against him in the courts. He had admitted that he rejects all conscientious objectors classifications, and he had threatened to reclassify any student who participated in the demonstration. He was breaking his own law on at least two counts.

What eventually came of the series of meetings between the two groups was: a joint statement defending free speech and thereby exonerating the demonstrations that was read in ten churches the following Sunday and handed out by merchants during the next week; a plan to send teams of two, one demonstrator, one counter-demonstrator, out to these churches to discuss Vietnam and the need for community involvement in seeking a solution to the war; a permanent continuation of dialogue between the two factions (which meets every Sunday in Davis Center on the Smith Campus from two to five, if you're interested).

All in all, one week of demonstrations accomplished quite a bit.

The Friday evening after Monday's adventure I drove up to Elm Street and I couldn't get across. There was a big demonstration going on. Immediately my adrenalin started moving! "What's happening? Is this the counter-demonstration?" Where were they headed? They went straight to City Hall steps. I drove by. There on the steps were six cheerleaders screaming, "Rah. Rah. Siss boom bah!...etc." The placards they were waving had something to do with their football team. As much as I'd had my fill, I kind of wanted to get out of the car and join them. It was nice to see young people filled with energy and proud of something.

Anyway, Colonel, that's about how it went. I recommend the whole lot for promotion, and I'm busting myself down to Private. Next time let's you and I march in someone else's line.

---Ed Felein

LEGACY OF THE FLOWERS

Bowart was saying that something is happening now and happening fast. He said that nobody really knew exactly what it was or where it was guiding us, but that it was surely there. Mentioning the Diggers, the Red Guards, the Provos, the "hippies," and all the dissenting, resisting youth of the world who want more of a share of their lives, he talked about an anti-system revolution more shattering than the Communist revolution, more profound than any revolution the New Left might envision, and much more complete and satisfying than the American Revolution.

Walter Bowart is a tall, friendly man, with a cowboy-Chaplin manner, who wears his long brown hair swept back into a bun. His handlebar moustache and child-like smile immediately draw your attention. Seemingly in his spare time, as he travels frequently, Bowart is Editor of New York's Lower East Side underground newspaper, the East Village Other. He was invited to speak at Southwest College at UMASS as part of the Cultural Committee Speaker Program which last semester, incidentally, featured Richard Alpert, one of the magic Trinity of Leary, Alpert, and Metzner.

Bowart began his discussion with an emphasis on American youth. Much of the time he talked about a revolution of young people in America, referring mostly to "hippies," or since the "hippie" has died, to "free Americans." To historically prepare his audience for this topic he said, "The year of 1776 marked the revolution of the body of this nation; this evolved until, in 1875, came the revolution of the intellect, with the Transcendentalists; and in 1967 we are taking part in the revolution of the spirit of man."

Bowart then noted that 51% of America's population is under 27 today, for the first time the history of this country. He saw a vast potential in this younger group: a potential to remove the old people with the power who "block up the halls" in this country. From potential Bowart stressed action. He suggested dropping out of society; however, he added that you must drop into something at the same time. He mentioned several drop-in communities in Colorado, Nevada, and other Southwestern states which stress leading meaningful, thoughtful lives by plugging into the "collective unconsciousness" and then working with the land and with friends. Doing this is what Bowart meant when he said that America must "return to the seed" and reappraise her values and institutions with the hope of establishing radically new ones when the seed grows again. Eventually, he continued, these sparsely populatedSouthwestern states can be politically taken over by voters who will move there en masse to drop out. Then, he suggests, the rest of the country can be influenced, if not, as postulated below, taken over.

Serving as catalysts for this spirit-of-man revolution are, Bowart indicated, the Presidential election of 1968 and the black people of this country. Bowart asserted that it's probable that after the assassination of Kennedy a latent potential for military rule gripped this country. He pointed to the increasingly dangerous influence of the Joint Chiefs of Staff to support this view. Continuing, he said that military rule might surface in 1968 because three candidates for the Presidency will probably run and, the Electoral College being obsolete, the election will be thrown into the House where a Democratic President and a Republican Vice-President (or vice-versa) will be chosen. This turn of events, Bowart believes, will create a politically unworkable situation which will precipitate military action to "strengthen" the government. The stagnation, coupled with the yearly ghetto riots across the country, will encourage the military clique to declare a state of national emergency to facilitate the sending of troops into the cities to quell the riots. More dissent and repression will develop, asserts Bowart, until the military will be overthrown by free Americans ready to start a new "seed" growing based on universal spiritual values.

Such an occurence, Bowart conceded, is not necessarily what will happen, but represents what could happen when

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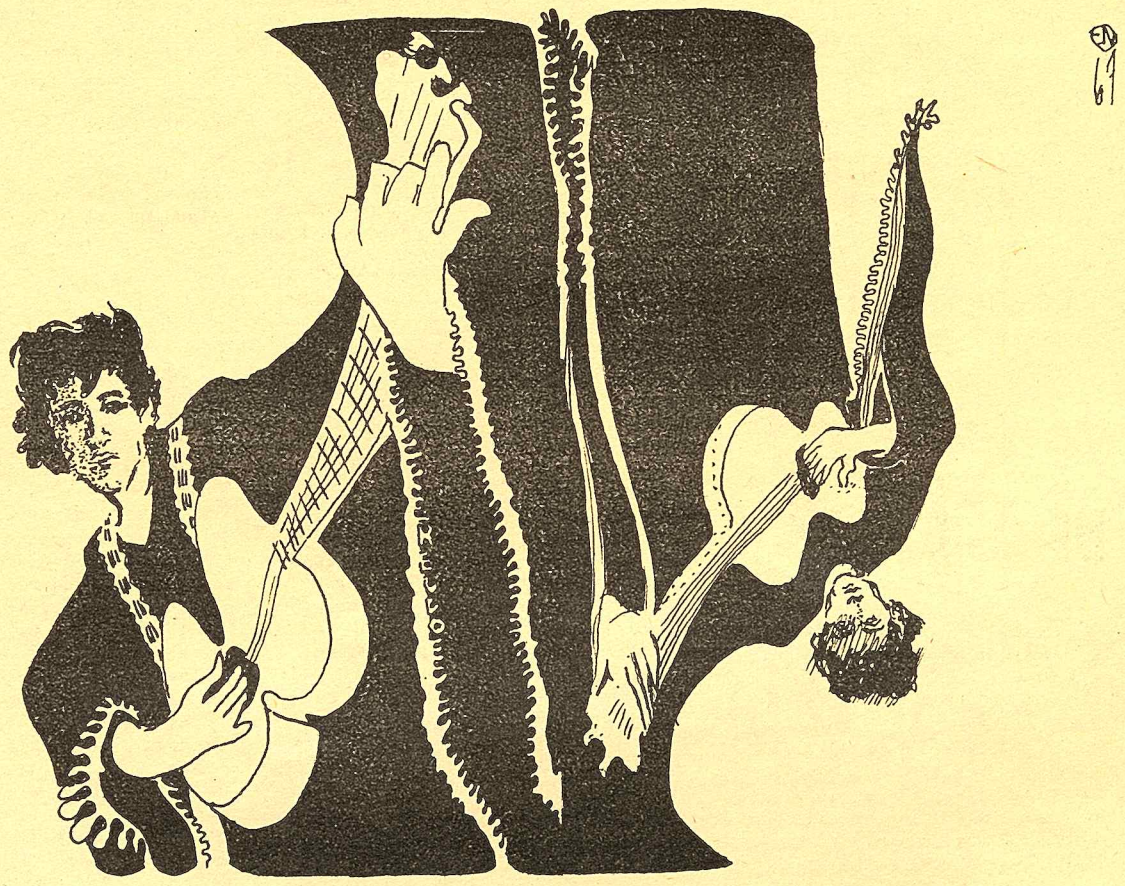

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was bleeding from the mouth and nose, "Should have kicked you in the mouth, "Should have kicked you in the head." Then Pete and his group met the NCC Boys. They were strung across the sidewalk; everything started again, the spitting, the swearing. Citizens smiled. Pete's group squeezed by, the NCC students following.

The group reached the City Hall and went in. Pete stopped at the door. He didn't have a picture of Jakacky. He took one and Jakacky came after him.

The group bolted into the first office, the Treasurer's office. One man was sitting at a desk. "You're a town official. Will you do something to protect us? Call a policeman!" Jakacky was in the room. The clerk behind the desk picked up the phone and said: "Get some cops. We have four or five of THEM in here!" Half a minute later, Officer Number 3 came in. He told everyone to leave and pushed them out of the office. Jon said to him, pointing at Jakacky, "This guy assaulted us. He's trying to take our camera. We're trying to file a complaint. Will you walk with us to the court house?" No response. Jon pointed to Jakacky,"He has beaten us. The rest are outside. They are going to follow us." Still no response. Jon: "What's your badge number?" No response. Pete: "Number 3?" The cop: "That's right, kid. That's right, badge number three." The cop then went into the building.

Pete and his group took off down the south side of Main St. NCC students followed behind. "Why don't you ask that old lady to protect you? Hey, there's a cab: ask the cabbie to protect you." They passed the newsmen from WHYN. Jon: "Are you newsmen? Will you walk with us to the court-house?" "No, that's not our job." "Then take a picture." No answer.

The group walked on and came to two police cruisers parked across from the Courthouse; four cops were in the rear cruiser. Jon: "These guys are harassing us. They've attacked us. Would you walk with us across to the court-house?" Nothing from the cops---muttering. Jon, bitterly, "No? In that case, would you at least watch us?" One of the cops responded: "Well, we'll be here."

The NCC students crossed the street in full view of the police. One of them tried to trip Jon as he was walking up the steps. They entered the courthouse, Benson and Jakacky following. They entered an office, the wrong one, and were told to go downstairs.

They went to Clerk Kulikowski's office and walked in. There were two secretaries, one sitting at a desk, one standing. "Is this where we file a complaint?" "No." "Where in God's name do we file a complaint in this bloody town?" They told the secretary it was a serious matter. The secretary told them that it was the right office, but that the clerk was out, that they could wait, but outside. Jon said to her: "We don't want to wait outside," pointing to Benson and Jakacky. "They'll beat us. If you want us to wait outside, get a cop." The secretary agreed to let them wait inside. Jakacky walked up to Jon and shook him by the shoulders, said, "We'll meet you outside."

Peter was suffering from shock and despair. Charley was still bleeding. The secretaries wouldn't let either sit on one of the empty chairs in the room. Jon: "May they sit down?" Secretary: "No." "Is it okay to move that chair to where they are standing?" "No." They sat down to the left of the doorway.

The secretary began questioning them. "Who were you with?" "What is your complaint about?" "Where are you from?" Again Jon responded, "Why does that matter?" "What is your complaint about?" "Three people were beaten up. That's the issue." The secretary: "Well, I know which side I'm on." "Then you do know what the argument is about." "Oh, well, there was a demonstration, wasn't there?" Then she said, "If you were part of the demonstration you can't file a complaint."

A phone call had been made from the adjoining room by the other secretary. Three cops arrived, badge numbers 6, 11, 18. The lead cop said to Jon, "Say what are you doing here? You can't be in the doorway. You can't be in this office." He took Jon by the arm, twisting it violently. The other cops came alive and violently forced all four, including Caryn, outside the office.

Caryn became hysterical. She had been angrily calm. She then said that she came to the end of her childhood and had grown up to cynicism, because of that moment, because of those cops' actions. She said that she would never teach her children that policemen were friends.

A woman walked into the hallway. She said that she could record the charges, but insisted that the police remain. Each person was allowed to come in alone and give his story.

Their business was finished. As they were leaving they told the cops that they had been threatened and that their assailants were waiting outside. The cops refused to escort the four to their car.

On Thursday, October 26, Pete Schlessinger called the office of Kulikowski. Mr. Clerk refused to answer any questions. He would not tell Pete when he would be in his office the following day. He would not tell Pete whether the complaint had been filed. Pete finally got from him admission that he'd be in his office at three the next afternoon.

In a private room Pete found himself with Kulikowski and three cops, including a Sgt. Whalen. The latter was an interesting man, with whom Pete had already had dealings: during the demonstration on Monday, Pete had crossed Main St. to take pictures of the disturbances in front of the Academy of Music. He found himself with his back to the townspeople who were watching the demonstration from the North side of the street. One of these citizens walked from the crowd, into the street, and in front of Pete. The citizen tried to force Pete back into the crowd. He said to Pete, "Let's fight." At this point Sgt. Whalen with some other cops came toward Pete. He said to Pete, "Get the hell out of here! Move! Move! Get out of the street! You're inciting an incident!" Whalen said nothing to the citizens. One of them said, "Leave him here. We'll take care of him." Pete told the Sgt. that he was just taking pictures. The Sgt. said: "You can't do that." "Why not?" "Maybe they don't want their pictures taken?" "I have press identification. I've a right to take pictures." "Look,sonny ..." "My name is not sonny. It's Schlessinger, if you want it." Then Pete found himself surrounded by cops and forced--not bodily-across the street to the South side. Whalen's last comment was, "Get the hell off the street."

During the meeting, Whalen said that Pete was trying to frame the police on a brutality charge. Kulikowski accused Pete and his group of staging a sit-in in the clerk's office. The complaint had not been filed. Kulikowski wanted Pete to drop the whole thing. He said the town had grown quiet. It wouldn't be good to stir everyone up again. He asked Pete to think everything over, to consider the possible ramifications of his suit. Pete was to call him if he still wanted the suit to be filed. A hearing would be set, during which both sides could be heard. Benson and Jakacky had filed a countersuit; for what reasons, Pete was not told.

At the time of this writing, Pete had called and asked for a hearing. He is going through with his complaint. He has not been told, however, when the hearing is to be held. Kulikowski said that a date would be set which would be convenient for all parties.

---Bart Kaplan

stare
at the death
mask
and
be growled

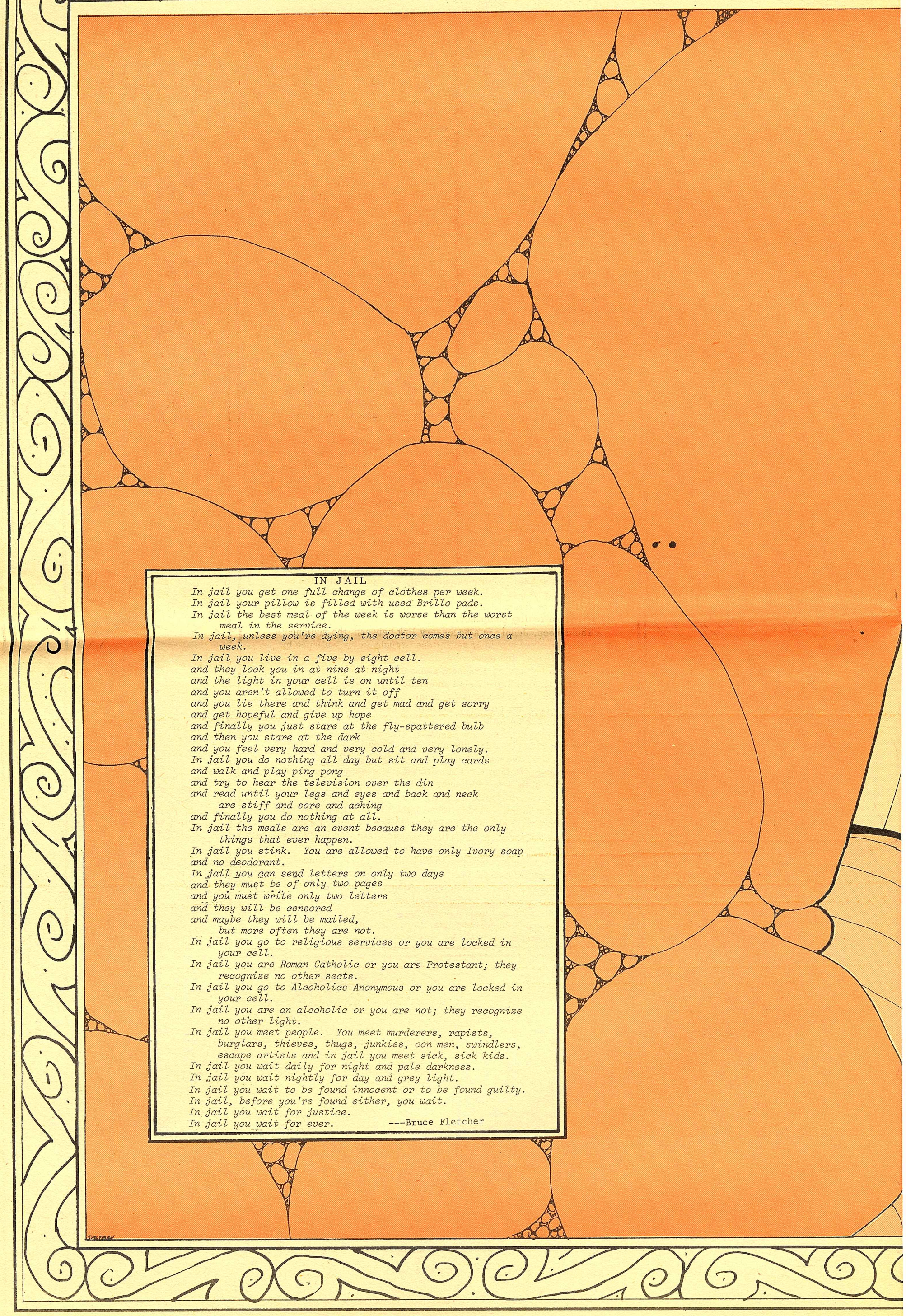
Fortune
Fish
dark
in the bedroom
Stars,
fish-like
stars.

Lions
rush once
across the sunlight porch
out
to plunder at the honeycomb
and wake
the sleeping household.

The Rose
Antiquity
The gate latch
drops away
beautiful again
The pond hole
stamps
at the door

Toad
none
Toad
none
-the-
Rose

---Jeffrey Lister



IN JAIL

In jail you get one full change of clothes per week.
In jail your pillow is filled with used Brillo pads.
In jail the best meal of the week is worse than the worst meal in the service.
In jail, unless you're dying, the doctor comes but once a week.
In jail you live in a five by eight cell.
and they lock you in at nine at night
and the light in your cell is on until ten
and you aren't allowed to turn it off
and you lie there and think and get mad and get sorry
and get hopeful and give up hope
and finally you just stare at the fly-spattered bulb
and then you stare at the dark
and you feel very hard and very cold and very lonely.
In jail you do nothing all day but sit and play cards
and walk and play ping pong
and try to hear the television over the din
and read until your legs and eyes and back and neck are stiff and sore and aching
and finally you do nothing at all.
In jail the meals are an event because they are the only things that ever happen.
In jail you stink. You are allowed to have only Ivory soap and no deodorant.
In jail you can send letters on only two days
and they must be of only two pages
and you must write only two letters
and they will be censored
and maybe they will be mailed,
but more often they are not.
In jail you go to religious services or you are locked in your cell.
In jail you are Roman Catholic or you are Protestant; they recognize no other sects.
In jail you go to Alcoholics Anonymous or you are locked in your cell.
In jail you are an alcoholic or you are not; they recognize no other light.
In jail you meet people. You meet murderers, rapists, burglars, thieves, thugs, junkies, con men, swindlers, escape artists and in jail you meet sick, sick kids.
In jail you wait daily for night and pale darkness.
In jail you wait nightly for day and grey light.
In jail you wait to be found innocent or to be found guilty.
In jail, before you're found either, you wait.
In jail you wait for justice.
In jail you wait for ever.

---Bruce Fletcher

THE PRURIENT LIGHT SHOW

The roar of the whelps of virtue, of the elegant protectorate of student-citizen welfare, has taken to the field. The civil disease fought was "After the Third World Raspberry Light Show," a fantatabulous episode in the history of Footballdom, Homecoming Weekends, and such juvenile nonesuch. What was perverse was the presence of a woman. She had no clothing on and shocked those in attendence with the unbearable, irrefutable evidence that pubic hair is indigent to that species, and that beneath a woman's robes, are breasts, thighs, buttocks.

The Puritan Fathers entered the den of sin with incense and prayer. They expurgated the devil, through the immediate agency of one, Gerry Jonathan Edwards Scanlon. But Mr. Al Rubin is able to defend the devil. He, the creator of the show, can explain why a nude dancer has a role in the play.

To understand the use of a dancer, one must understand Mr. Rubin's stated artistic purposes. Says Rubin, "I am trying to say reality isn't always what you say it is. One man's reality is another man's illusion."

The dancer is seen as one of three planes of reality. Reality is to be represented by a living, breathing three-dimensional vortex. Slides represent a staggered two-dimensional perception in which objects recognizable to us as real are partially abstracted. Music represents the most totally abstract level. In harmony with the music, oriented to the rhythms and tempos, are the abstract light effects of the strobes and other non-representative lighting. That music, lights, slides, and dancers move in harmony and that a dancer as a moving, naked human shape is essentially part of the process is symbolic of the message of Rubin's psychedelia: yield and merge.

The dancer is the vehicle of audience identification. She makes the disjointed and unusually constructed stimuli acceptable to us as she moves through it, successively orienting herself to the fluctuating environment. She plunges us deeper into the art form, makes the experience total. Nudity symbolically and formalistically enforces the directness of contact between the audience and new environment or fluctuation in the environment desired by Mr. Rubin as artist and reality composer.

The dancer, Jenni, is a necessary link between the audience's senses and the new world of sensations brought to the audience by the slides, lights, and music. Rubin's desire is to integrate the audience and the new environment sensually through the dancer. Of the four senses, two--visual and audio--are unified through the slides and the band. The sense of smell has so far been only statically represented through incense. It is an area of perception which remains to be explored.

The tactile sensations are essential. They are ingeniously and irreplacably represented by the nude dancer. She is what makes the light show unique and artistically successful. With her the experience is more than an imaginatively projected underground movie. It becomes a revolutionary art form.

But of course, to Philistines, witch burners, and those children who have come into the world without light and have grown to become the sombre Exchequers of Pandora's Box, whatever Rubin might say is irrelevant. Obviously, the administration is irrelevant as are similar censorial actions of the bewigged Knaves.

Obsession with the obscene, to be truthful, is what stands between the administration and an adult understanding of a very intelligent art medium. The administration's reaction is no less adolescent than the hoots, whistles and catcalls one might have expected from an immature audience interested only in the prurient values of the dancer's sexual parts. But no catcalls or whistles or "lewd" comments came from the audience of students.

I CANT GET OUT OF MY ELECTRIC ARMADILLO

This afternoon while Dave and I were driving to Amherst, we got to bitching about cars. Both of us were having problems with our cars. We spent four hours earlier in the day working on Dave's car and it still wasn't working. Mine was, but not too well.

The thought struck me that the whole car situation can be seen as just a part of a more encompassing process. By seeing it this way, by putting it in its place, the irksomeness becomes more bearable, to the point where it disappears.

A first step toward attaining this perspective is to view the car as only one means of transportation. It is only one of the methods man has developed for broadening his attainable horizons. It is a recent development and is judged by many as better than what came before. Better because it's faster. More speed conserves time--it takes less time to go the same distance, or in the same time, you can go further. It's a more efficient use, and that's progress...

Why do we have this urge to go faster? It's not a universal characteristic. Many cultures place little value in going faster. What is universal is the urge to explore, to ask ultimate questions--or at least those that appear ultimate at the time. Going faster is a manifestation of this.

Many see the answers to ultimate questions as coming from between two poles. No matter which set of poles is picked as or happens to be the framework, no answer can rest at just one pole. No matter how close to one pole the answer is, it always contains elements from the other. Like limits in calculus, they can only be reached at infinity.

This is a frustrating fact to people who have spent a lot of time trying to push or pull a system into a final form. They pursue an asymptotic will-of-the-wisp.

Intuitively we feel that the ultimate goal of a system cannot be contained within it. Those who realize this have wisdom as apart from knowledge. Such people devise systems.

They start outside. They always see beyond while working within. Followers, at least at first, use the system to get beyond it.

Well, now we've done it--transcendence. It appears that transcendent individuals can produce systems and others can use systems to produce transcendence. I maintain that the ultimate goal or resting place of any system is transcendence.

If you're beginning to feel that this is getting circular, it's because it is. It can't be helped. Language is a system. If I were to continue the argument, I would be building a system. And that would be a numbing, time-consuming experience for most. The point is to make you system conscious. To get you outside them, not to build another. Get outside the life system-game. Play life.

Perhaps you can see what this has to do with transportation, cars and planes and going faster.

We are an impatient lot. Cars are part of our effort to explore things faster. Our material interests are so varied that we must go faster to get to all of them. Of course, the more we rush, the more we find to rush to. Witness the explosion of scientific knowledge. The new keeps turning up at an ever increasing rate. We go faster, with the goal of going instantly, but we are limited by the speed of light. We seek by going faster to conquer time, to gain the eternal, to move at the speed of thought--instantly, no matter how wide the gap. This is another way of saying attaining the ultimate.

If we are successful and beat time with speed, then time, in fact, ceases to flow and there is no speed. For speed has time as a determinant (V equals D/T). Thus the system is transcended and its ultimate absurdity realized.

---Eric Sandel

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the spiritual revolution climaxes.

Departing from the revolutionary theme, Bowart commented on current issues. Speaking of his personal experiences in the peace demonstration at Washington, D.C., he states "The Pentagon is a liar. They estimated a crowd of 33,000. Anyone who was there saw hundreds of thousands." He also said that he had photographs of armed soldiers using tear gas and beating women and men with rifle butts and clubs. He told how his attempt to charter a plane and drop thousands of flowers over the Pentagon was thwarted by the cops. Instead, he and his group stuck the flowers into the rifle barrels of the soldier's weapons and spoke with them, saying things like, "Jesus Christ is the mind of man--have no fear--thou shalt not kill." As a result, three soldiers took off their helmets and laid down their guns, walking into the crowd. Bowart noted that the news media chose not to report this incident. At some future demonstration, Bowart suggested that the troops be attacked with laughing gas. The audience applauded.

Turning to the topic of drugs, he condemned methedrine as a mind and body deteriorating drug which "only makes you play society's game faster," he asserted. He then related how LSD had helped him to learn much about himself, other people, and his surroundings. He said he hadn't taken LSD since a year ago when he concluded a trip which lasted 40 days and 40 nights. Responding to a question about LSD and chromosome damage, Bowart answered that he had visited numerous researchers on LSD and found that none of them could tell him that LSD was harmful to human parents or their children because they had no scientific evidence to verify any such claim. All they could do was speculate, he said, about mice. Bowart told of his many friends with "LSD babies" and how all the babies were in excellent condition. Then, he remarked, basing his assertion on a computerized test administered to him, that LSD increases the ability for telepathy, possibly by slightly modifying the DNA code.

After concluding the lecture Bowart and his American Indian friend, Manna, returned in their borrowed red car to Milbrook, N.Y., to see Timothy Leary and perhaps to experience some of the magic of the psychedelic revolution.

---Dick Roeder

MOTHER IS LISTENING! WILL THE VOICES OF HER CHILDREN BE HEARD?

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On Schlesinger

"LBJ--pull out like your father should have!" So we have revealed two telling truths on the wall of the UMass library toilet. We know the war in Vietnam, in the words of a contemporary saint, Sucks. Others found this out last Wednesday (Oct. 25) when the much heralded historian and establishment theoretician Arthur Schlesinger told 1200 people in the University's Student Union Ballroom that the government of our country has built a shabby maze of rhetorically supported rationales to justify its crime in Vietnam. Schlesinger's speech was good--perhaps better than he thought.

This man, the author of five major historical works, as well as numerous essays, was able, in the space of one hour, to demolish the "seven points" being used by Johnson and his friends to justify the war. These seven points, (1--Escalation will break Hanoi's will and force negotiations; 2--Escalation will reduce infiltration; 3--Escalation will decrease American casualties; 4--Our support will enable the building of a strong South Vietnamese government; 5--We are holding the line against general Communist aggression; 6--Escalation proves we will keep our commitments throughout the world; 7--Military men know how to win wars), were skillfully countered and contradicted. The point of real interest in Schlesinger's speech was not to be found in this analysis. It lies in his explanation of why the war is being carried out and how it should be stopped.

Schlesinger tells us that "self-righteousness has overcome American foreign policy" and that those men who have been destroying Vietnam are both men of honor and honesty. Too, we are told that Johnson deserves our "respect and sympathy". Strange? The detailing of the plethora of lies and the massive destruction of lives calls forth an appeal for understanding and sympathy. To hell with Schlesinger and his White House friends. There is a lot more involved than he wants us to know--just as there was a lot more involved in the Cuban crisis than what Schlesinger told the New York Times. You do realize that Communism is a danger to America: to America of foreign investments and cheap labor, and to America of race hatred and rabid regimentaion. Twenty years of lies and the credibility of the ruling class would go down the drain if the Government said, "Surprise, surprise, you know Communism is not all bad--in fact, there may be some good things about it."

Schlesinger would like to see America get back on the "right" track by getting out of Vietnam. But why? He told us in one brief sentence. The military says Schlesinger, is too over-committed in Vietnam and must "be kept ready for a time when it may really be needed." Presumably the Dominican intervention was one such case and Bolivia or Guatemala or New York City may be next, viz. let's keep the napalm and the bullets ready for those closer to home. You don't play dominoes with a resident of the next town, you play it with your next door neighbors.

Schlesinger tells us that the United States must keep "military pressure" on the Vietnamese until a "negotiated solution is achieved." You keep beating the shit out of your enemy until he says, "Yes, now I see that you want to be friends." Too, we must get back on the two-party bandwagon and work for the "peace candidate" the Democrats or Republicans will select. Presumably, we will be able to follow Mr Schlesinger's choice to detect who that will be.

But what if there is no "peace candidate" emerging from the conventions? Then, Schlesinger tells us, "Something will have gone wrong with our country." This is exactly the point. 1964 offered us a peace candidate and then something did go wrong. This same situation will happen again and again and again until we understand the nature of men like Schlesinger and his government friends, and his liberal allies. These men would continue the myth of America's greatness to preserve what is to them a seat of influence and potential power. Schlesinger is fighting for himself and his friends. In the end, they will be shown not to have fought so much against Johnson and the war but against those of us who want to replace this moribund morass called America with the New Nation of the Free Man.

---Fredric Uberall Dicker

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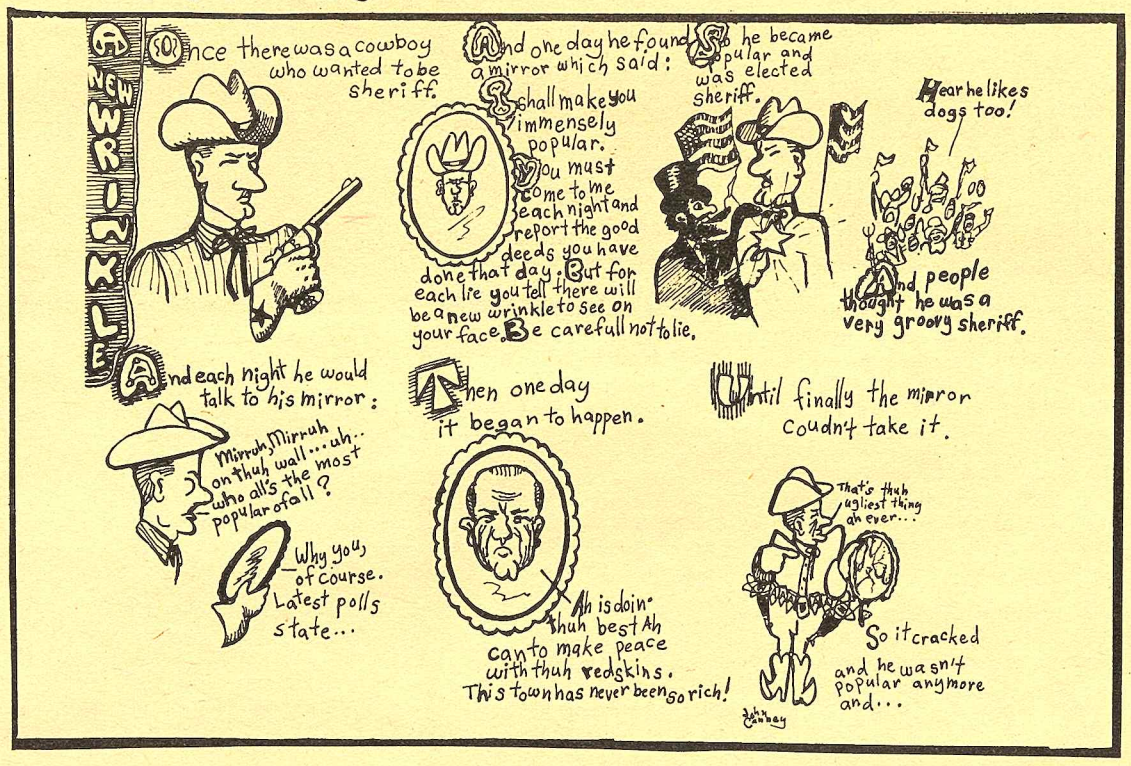
A WRINKLE
Once there was a cowboy who wanted to be sheriff.
And each night he would talk to his mirror:
Mirruh, Mirruh on thuh wall... uh.. who all's the most popular of all?
Why you, of course. Latest polls state...
And one day he found a mirror which said:
I shall make you immensely popular. You must come to me each night and report the good deeds you have done that day. But for each lie you tell there will be a new wrinkle to see on your face. Be carefull not to lie.
So he became popular and was elected sheriff.
Hear he likes dogs too!
And people thought he was a very groovy sheriff.
Then one day it began to happen.
Until finally the mirror coudn't take it.
Ah is doin' thuh best Ah can to make peace with thuh redskins. This town has never been so rich!
That's thuh ugliest thing ah ever...
So it cracked and he wasn't popular anymore and...
John Conway

continued from page two

their cars to return to their responsibilities.

For me there was no decision about whether I would commit an act of civil disobedience. I did not know what in the present context comprised such an act. I did not know what I was there for, did not know what the others in the milling group would do or why.

The press of the crowd was tremendous. Bodies faced the terrace and the ramp road leading from the left up to the terrace. From different unseen places the roar of the crowd clanged, swept people toward the source, peering, curious, nervous young people, like myself confronted by possibilities we could not articulate but could forebode. I heard screams and shouting, saw parts of the crowd spray, flush like a covey from a spot where someone was being beaten.

I pressed forward into the crowd toward the front of one segment which faced a line of MP's drawn up between the ramp on the left and the stairs to the terrace on the right. Someone was being beaten on the ramp. I was then in the front of the crowd below the ramp. Someone shouted, "Fascists!" Suddenly a chant began. "Sieg heil! Sieg heil! Sieg heil!"

I was shouting it. I did not feel my legs which I thought moments before would buckle. I shouted, I screamed, I waved my fists, watching the truncheon of the MP on the ramp thud into the body of a human hidden beneath the wall of the ramp. I did not know why I moved forward, and wove between the packed humans toward the ramp. I heard one of my friends say that he was taking the women back beneath a tree about 50 yards away. I didn't answer him. I just moved away into the crowd, passing gently between humans who let me pass, until I was at the front of the group at the lower end of the ramp, and was face to face with a young human dressed in army browns, glaring at me, fingering a length of dark brown wood *the length of my forearm.*

There were two lines of MPs on the ramp, fifteen feet apart and no one knew why they were there. They did not prevent anyone from reaching the terrace. One simply went around them to reach the terrace. If one went around them, simply went around the last MP in the lower line which was spread from the ramp to the little hill on the left running into the parking lots, one walked to the terrace. But one could not pass through the lines of MPs. They were insanely there, stupidly there, preventing nothing if something was to prevent people from reaching the terrace . That their purpose was stupid was reflected in their frustration, and the brutality, their insane lashing out toward anyone who attempted to disregard the presence of their inconsequential lines. The young men and women separated by the two lines knew intuitively of the absurd position of the automatons: but not with taunts, or threats, or violence.

The two groups of students faced each other across the fifteen foot space, formed cordons of bodies against the two lines of MPs who kept that space inviolable. Then someone would attempt to break through the lower line to reach the group above the second line. The MPs did not stop the invader. They beat and beat him, broke him down, kicked him, and beat at his hands protecting his face. The beating would take place in the small clearing. Then the individual would be thrust back, bleeding and dazed into the crowd. As he was forced through the line, one MP whose helmet number was 535 hammed his billy club into the solar plexus of the already dazed invader whose arms were held by other MPs and whose body was turned toward that 535 for one moment, for one thrust, before, unconscious now, the student, who did not, not any of them, fight back, collapsed into the arms of the group and was carried back and washed and tended by strangers at the rear of the crowd.

A dozen times this was repeated. Each time the brutality of the MPs was more fierce. I saw one MP try to stop two groups who had gone around the end of the line. He ran to his left and swung his club striking one man in the cheek, breaking his glasses: The man slumped to the ground. Then the MP ran to his right. His eyes looked glazed, his teeth were bared, lips pulled back from his clenched teeth. His face was a snarl. He swung his club. He struck a girl in the back of the head. The sound was like that of a hoe slammed into the earth: swock. She crumpled. A sergeant ran to the MP and pulled him away, visibly restraining him. The girl and man were helped up by their friends and taken out of the zone.

Where the access road reaches the building a line of troops was formed blocking the road and grass alongside it, so that effectively there was a human wall preventing entry to the area in front of the doors on the left side of the Pentagon. A few hundred demonstrators were sitting in front of the whole line.

I looked into the faces of the hundreds of soldiers, at the faces of the officers whispering an order to each of the men. I looked beyond to clusters of men in business suits, talking, pointing toward us. Bayonets were fixed on the rifles. More soldiers were to be forced into the line so that officers were having those already in the line regroup one by one. The faces of the soldiers were filled with fear. The expressions on their faces were incongruously part of the strange body that abruptly moved to the left at command. They went through some frenetic drill movements, ending in a close press of soldiers, braggardly then, suddenly leering, ready to respond arbitrarily to the next command, which, because of the change in expression, I assumed would be to move into the group of sitters, clubbing them, kicking them, forcing them back. But they did not move. They just stood braced, bayonets thrust out, as if they were about to be attacked.

I moved back to the ramp. Suddenly there was a small explosion. The MPs donned their hideous gas masks. A fog bank of tear gas moved into the demonstrators. They moved back, the MPs beating the humans who gasped, who could not see, who could not breathe. Three times tear gas hit me that evening.

I had seen newsreels and Hollywood pictures where the citizenry was confronted by the army. Pictures about fascist or communistic countries, Germanies, Spains, and Hungaries, Alabamas and Marylands. I did think it was a movie. I could not believe it was real. I saw bludgeonings, medieval ghastly beatings of women and old men and young men. I saw power incontestably used to smash pieces of wood into the flesh of humans. And I began to cry.

To wander about murmuring No, No, No....Who gave any man that power to rip into pieces another human being?

How can it be that any man can be given the power to beat another human? This was a place of sunlight. I could see blue sky. I felt leaves rustling under my feet, saw warm glances of the young men and woman toward each other, felt the presence of women's breasts and lips and smells. Incongruity, the unreal, death, things stark and ice splinters set up against the curves of the human body and the clouds. It serves no end. It is desperation, futile, excrement of human actions and motives, agent of law, government, my nation's political leaders.

The third time I was teargassed broke me, destroyed the last reservation of reason within me. It descended upon me, piercing my eyes, burning the skin beneath my nostrils, making me gasp and taste the bitterness of vomit forced up into my throat and my mouth. I tried not to rub my eyes, tried not to cough. There was no more world, no outside, no thousands of humans, no pig cops and political hireling federal marshalls: just pain, the desire to flee that gas that some human had created, some blind scientist had made and placed into the arsenal of pigdom. I was blinded. I tried to flee the gas. Moved away from the place where the bomb was exploded. I tripped over people. stumbled over curbings. I kept down wind, I tried not to, yet kept down wind in the breeze blowing that shit into my body. I stumbled into the thorn trees on the hill to the left of the access road. I fell into them, not feeling the pain of the thorns or the pain from falling down the hill to the wet ditch at the bottom near the asphalt of the parking lot. And I lay there until I could open my eyes, lay in the mud.

I opened my eyes and saw a few feet away the boots of a soldier, I moved my head and saw a line of soldiers five feet from me. They were standing with feet spread, gas masks on, bayoneted rifles pointing outward. There was a square of soldiers. In the center of the square a soldier stood amid fire extinguishers. On his back were tanks of some sort, in his hands the nozzle at the end of the pipe. It was a flame thrower. The troops stood still and demonstrators walked round and round them. I arose and stood three feet from the ends of their bayonets, trying to see what it was they were doing and what spot they were protecting and from whom, because there were not more than fifty demonstrators in their immediate area. And the demonstrators were doing as I was, staring at them, silently watching them, a formation of soldiers set up in an out of the way place, protecting nothing, awaiting something, with a man in their center prepared to use a flamethrower against human beings in the United States in the Month of October, Autumn, 1967.

It was about ten o'clock. I wandered for awhile, went up to the terrace, saw some friends from school, watched young men burn draft cards. Still more beatings, still more insanity. I looked from the terrace down into the crowd. Fires and burning for warmth. Hundreds of little flames, burning draft cards, interspersed in the darkness like fireflies.

It was finished for me. I was empty and lost, there. I had almost lost contact with a strength I knew was somewhere within me. Again the fatigue and the hunger dominated me. My eyes were still burning. I found my wife and group of friends. We did not want to leave, spent interims disappearing singly into the crowd, finally all returning, suddenly departing into the darkness.

We passed out through the parking lot filled with busses. Over the loudspeaker the urgent voice of a girl was pleading for all those who were leaving to stay and continue. If I could have found a place in the bushes to sleep I would have stayed, or I thought so at the time. I wondered why I was leaving. *I wondered why I had* come and what I had seen accomplished. But I could not think any longer. We had miles to walk to find food and transportation. Miles more to go without any physical energy. Each time I passed a cop I felt disgust. Each time I passed a soldier insane fantasies of counter aggression flooded my bloodstream. I did not stop them. I just went on, my wife's arm linked in mine.

There were no busses. The city made sure that there were no busses. So we walked down to 14th Street. Up then to a cafeteria where we ate with little conversation that was not futile or angry. We found busses: went back to Georgetown, damned Georgetown with pigs riding about with signs in their car windows calling demonstrators everything from fags to commies. I remember one in which a father and son rode. Flags were attached to the aerial and fender guides. In the

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only went to get our car, and threatening to--I mean the implications were that we could be charged with possession of marijuana too. This guy was really a bastard."

* * *

The number of incidents reported here is severely limited by the threat of reprisals to individuals involved, who therefore do not wish to have their cases publicized. Intimidation of this sort has been an integral part of underworld activities in the past and it is frighteningly ironic to find the police employing the same methods.

We raise the basic issue: why must one feel afraid to seek out the police for help? Why are the police--the protectors of the public--those we need protection from?

What the fuck is coming off?

Power is a funny thing.

---Augustus

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she smiles and smiles and

i see.

i wish

i---my smile

could see

her wish

could wish

her smile.

---William Saltman

continued from page 9

rear window was this inscription: "Get out of Washington, You Fucking Creeps." What was being said to the little boy who rode with his father and his father's anxiety that showed up in the impotent yet deathly fear reflected in the sign?

What will that boy, son of a man who is insane, grow up to be? Will he be a cop, a soldier or a president?

This is about it. That was somewhat the way of it, the day, the trip, the hell. Out of it has come committment: I will respond to experience tomorrow with less of the dismay of yesterday. My mind is flooded with unintegratable details unless I accept the negative hypothesis that the governmental structure and people who operate it are men not worth the respect of anyone. They are deceivers and blind men: their actions are so inhuman, so stupid, their positions so revolting, that I as a man, a citizen, a political creature, must shout to them, "No! In thunder, NO! You do not deserve the respect of any man."

I accept this hypothesis. I do not hate them, I pity them, I will resist them.

---Bart Kaplan

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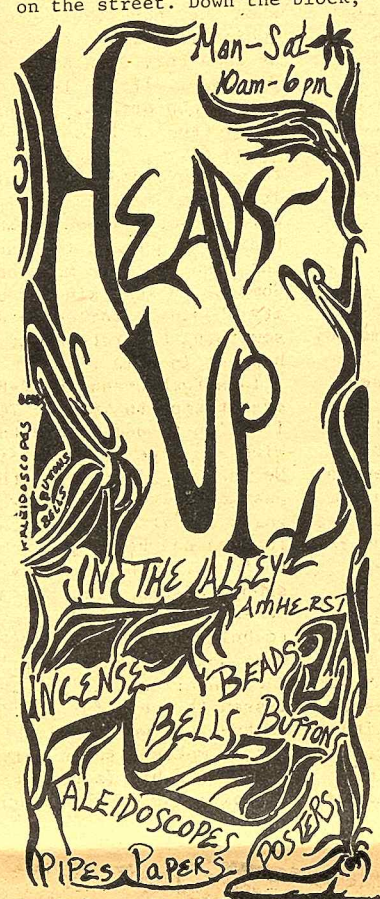
over a danish and a half pint of milk; pay through the nose for something that eventually goes through the ass.

On the way back to the main route we pass an A-frame with GUNS lettered in the roof shingles. Everyone booes and hisses.

HEY! the cops have stopped us. Have they revoked the march permit? The driver gets out, talks to the cops, gets back in. He, in turn, asks for the leader. No one answers. finally the "monitor" reads the letter. It tells where to park and get off and reads like the Chamber of Commerce.

Going into Washington. Somehow the ghetto makes the Washington Monument seem hollow. A cop and national guardsman on every corner along the route. ALL have "baseball bats"...Army trucks and jeeps parked sporadically on the street. Down the block, I can see about 40 cops marching in a phalanx in an empty park.

We stop and a cop boards us, and gives us instructions how to find our bus later. He talks with a southern accent and looks like the guy on the Mobilization posters. Pile out and are greeted with a barrage of leaflets. NBC news crews film our exit. Feel like Johnson disembarking from a fact-finding tour. Herded into a group and told who to contact if arrested or beaten.



This is encouraging and adds to my revolutionary spirit. This excitement is somewhat dulled by the lack of coffee and sleep. It's around 9 A.M.

We find our area and wait. Wait...wait...more people arrive and the crowd starts to file out. More friends to talk with. Wait...another friend was late because of the bus boycott. She is in the New York Medical Society for Peace. There are about thirty of them and they're dressed in lab coats for effect. We eat raisins together, then leave. We ask a woman selling a socialist paper where to find water. She doesn't know but gives us an apple. In turn I buy a paper.

Wait...wait...more people arrive. Speeches start at 11:30 or 12:00 and still going on at 2:00. Nothing to do but talk, wander, and sleep on the swampy ground, taking the chance of being stepped on. I inspect the sign scene:

THEY'RE NOT HAWKS, THEY'RE VULTURES

BROWN, HARVARD LAW, MOUNT HOLYOKE, WILLIAMS, RISD, U of CHICAGO, U of WISCONSIN... GEORGIA SDS

A papier mache figure without a leg, and on the back and front, WE'RE WINNING THE WAR is blackly lettered.

A guy from the California delegation, stripped to the waist, tells us to fornicate not escalate, and asks for a joint.

Many in beads, but most in sports coats and ties or turtle necks.

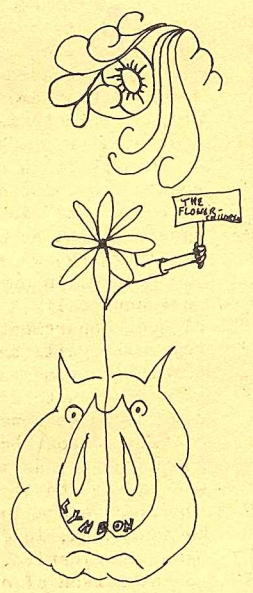
HELL NO, WE WON'T GO.

BJ

A nude man with fig leaf on a sign, I GOT NOTHING TO HIDE.

A button is given to me: WE HAVE ONE.

MAKE LOVE NOT WAR is a slogan, but not many are making out. People are sprawled on the grass, no one caring if perchance knowledge of some stranger's leg.



Somehow four or five cops are on top of the Lincoln Memorial, looking like gargoyles, or pharaohs supervising the buildings of the pyramids.

It starts to get chilly as the sun goes behind the trees. Finally, we are told to form lines of twelve abreast and move forty feet in formation, then stop. Told to sit down in the wetness but no one seems to mind much. Speeches and music are too far away to enjoy. Forty feet. Stop. Some one has a flask but not much drinking generally. An ANNOUNCEMENT: There' a bottleneck at the bridge. We were moved out of line, then told that we shouldn't have been; we moved back in. Half an hour later. MOVEMENT!

We leave the area, while the head of the march has long since arrived at the Pentagon. We move fairly steadily until we're halfway over the bridge. Then we go a foot per minute for no apparent reason. Constantly being buzzed by three helicopters. A plane with the streamer, THE FALLEN ANGELS LOVE YOU, passes overhead. A driving rain of photons from the sun beats us dull. "Hell no, we won't go" chant starts and dies. A few more feet. A man on the bridge claps as we inch by. I'm given a flower which later died on the bus trip home.

We can see the Pentagon, but instead of going there directly, we are routed around the parking lots. More walking. Tired enough to stage a sit-down anywhere. Settle for a bus seat after just walking around the Pentagon. Had to get back early to catch the bus. Drifting through the hazy consciousness, conversation filter.

"Tear gas was used only once I think."

"Were you near it?"

"Ja, but I was behind the people and was forced back when they ran."

"Some car was encircled. A cop charged in and just hit the first kid he saw."

"Ja, a guy tried to climb that wall, but a guardsman kept hitting him until he dropped down."

"Look what I got. It's tear gas bomb. Can you imagine if you report that you lost one!"

The bus driver arrived and we rumbled off into the night. No thoughts. No trouble sleeping that night. Arrived at 5AM and walked back from the Common in the cold lonely night. Once more one in 190 million.

---Chuck Volkman

SATURNALIA

Draft Cards printed upon request--US Government printing Office.

* * *

The Quisling spirit is not dead. Join Federal Agents today.

* * *

Happily divorced priest seeks new employment; has experience in confessional with limitless possibilities; looking for new idol. Will you sacrifice for me? Write: Ralph Twilly, Box 84, Curacao.

* * *

Can anyone tell me how to remove blood stains from leather. New mate has different blood type.

* * *

Through an exuberant bananana floated a puerile aardvark. Once this selfsame dish towel cutely fornicating in the lamplight, abracadabra, and up she spills. Ice-blue candy corn diamond shaped tusks, and purpleness bewailed.

* * *

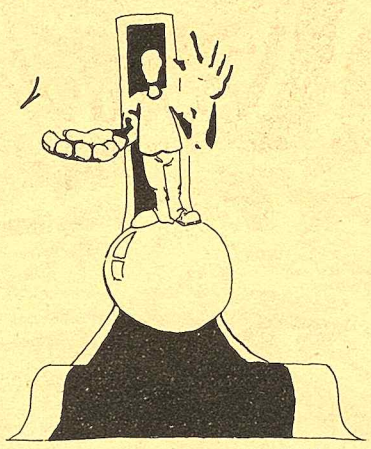
Remember Eagerman's Bagle Bakery on Erie Street?

Mother has lost her pet doppelganger, Judyth; we last saw her climbing down a urinal in Detroit. Judi has split lips. Reward. Mother, Box 305, Northampton.

* * *

Herbie, please come home. I give in, I'll sell the whip and boots. Mom.

Young men, looking for greener grass? Want to see the world? The Marine Corps offers answers to all such hopes. According to recent word, more are court-martialed in Vietnam for not smoking Camels than for any other offense.



Mentholated cigars available from Tami Amis Society of Friends, Torqueville, Michigan. Speed kills, buy electric cars.

* * *

Dropped names of the Month:
Paul Krassner
Zazu (she spelled it with an 's' sometimes)Pitts
Juan Valdez

* * *

Will whoever borrowed my copy of the Post-Acid Realist please teleport it to me as soon as possible? Your Karma will be withheld until action is taken. AUGIE

* * *

Wanted: man to manage tungsteon mine in Washington, D.C. Inquire within.

* * *

Campus representative needed for national Halvah concern. Write: Izzy Trunc, Telepath Road.

We are continually seeking unusual and bizarre (bound to please) photographs, for business purposes. No pay, of course, but STATUS. NYAAAHH. Mother.

* * *

Am leaving the country. Must sell at cost.

* * *

Lost: Green and white bulky scarf, left in someone's car some night when no one knew what to think. Indispensable for Dartmouth football games. Augie again.

* * *

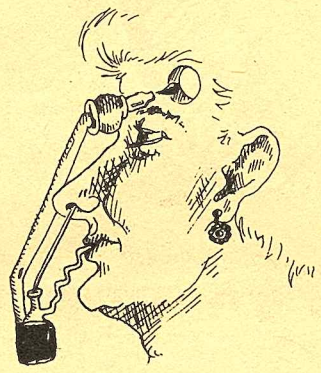
Paying $1.50 per hour for subjects for psychological study of cross-hominid fertilization. Send prospectus to Church of the Cavalry, Gomorroh.

* * *

Young weightlifter seeking affectionate gymnast as roommate. Call Bill Hog at Joe's.

* * *

Dr Pepper is coming East, so we're told.



Ignore the above. I found the scarf. Augie.

* * *

Old lecher, 41, anxious to pinch appealing bottom. Reply Heywood, California.

Are you for real?

* * *

Mother, come home, no questions asked. Billy.

* * *

Wanted: Rubadubadubadubadubba baby for my very own. Will share cups. Inquire "Folder S," Box 305, Northampton.

* * *

Am undecided: would like to change whip for underwear.

* *

Professional hermaphrodite looking for new ideas.

MOTHER NEEDS YOU

Come Home to Mother

Vietnam Airborne Regiment seeking outlets for Cambodian Red. Inquire APO Bombay; write "Happy."

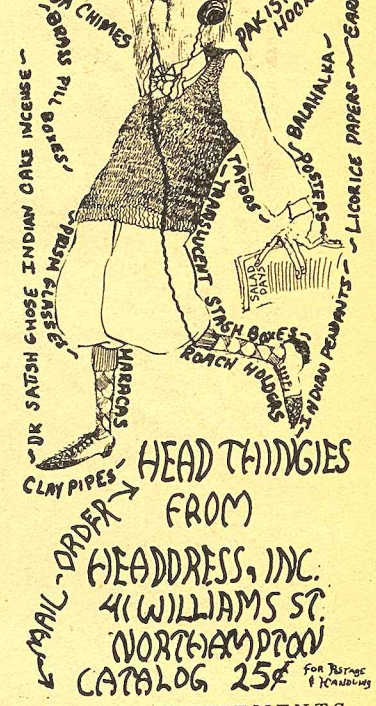
* * *

How's your head?

* * *

Will whoever gave Augie Cohen a sturgeon for his aquarium please send along the tin can? Box AZ-Z.

* * *



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Multiversity Learnin or?

"Let's take," said Victor Hugo of prosodic prescriptions restrictive to the poet, "a hammer to the rules." Many inhabitants of multiuniversities, watching fatuous, non-intellectual bureaucrats earning a living on their premises, feeling harassed by rules in libraries and registration lines, seeing the dimensions of their learning punched out on IBM cards, feel like taking a blunt instrument to their whole overorganized institution. Why not make instruction a random, unscheduled meeting among whatever members of the community of scholars feel like showing up? Why not give each student and professor his slice of the annual library budget, to stock the campus with those books that really matter to him? Why not make the recording of grades a casual operation, left up to the teacher?

What would result, call it the learn-in, would--alas--be chaos--painful chaos. Where the mistakes of professional organizers of academic space make the first days of class in the multiversity a sweaty human scramble, classes in the form of unscheduled get-togethers would extend the rout to the whole semester: people have to meet somewhere. In the learn-in's library, hundreds of identical copies of "my most important book" would pile up: that title, in any given month, would tend to be the same for many. Teachers recording grades summon up the ghost of an underprivileged Midwestern faculty which, until a very few years ago, spent its summer vacation filling the registrar's ledger and computing averages--all by hand and by the light of its own arithmetic.

The learn-in would be a perpetual happening. Yet its total disorganization is likely to cause its participants more pain than the regulated institution: unorganized mass catering feeds the average member of a mass less well than organized. Direct obverse to the multiversity that the learn-in represents, it would not have rid itself of the problem that plagues both alternatives--getting learning going on a mass-scale. Multiversity and learn-in are, under the skin, sister alma maters. Both think of clusters of people, rather than of individuals. Both see their operations in terms of directing traffic, with the sole difference that the learn-in wants to scramble what the multiversity wishes to regulate. Both wish to pare down language to a single standard. Use of a limited vocabulary, insensitivity to grammar and style, and the tendency to make a few set phrases suffice for communication among everybody are as characteristic of bureaucrates as of "hip."

Perhaps it is on this last point, the point of language that the "or?" in my title should hinge. As citizens of a multiversity, we are stuck with each other, in numbers. Any subgroup--call it college, clique, department, or committee--will still be large. Scrambling time and space arrangements to create "freedom" would be done at the peril of total chaos. But as rational human beings, as individuals, we can talk to each other. The language we use in doing so can be sensitive, intelligent, humane, imaginative, and geared to the person of our interlocutor--rather than either to "Deans, Associate Deans, Department Heads, and Faculty" or to (male and female) "man." As we cultivate our language of daily discourse, paying attention to the identity of the person we are addressing, as our communication becomes differentiated rather than stereotyped, we can become that community of scholars which is--no matter what our number--neither multiversity nor learn-in, but a place in which we creatively learn from, and teach, each other.

---W.B. Fleischmann

TITICUT FOLLIES

By this time the people of Massachusetts have probably seen enough reviews of Titicut Follies to last a lifetime. This is not another review, nor is it another exhortation to lift the ban on the film. I don't think anyone would want to see the film, and I certainly wouldn't recommend it to anyone; but I would require that anyone in a position of authority in any hospital in any state see it.

Although I don't believe in censorship (period), I really do not think that it did me any good to see that this was happening in Massachusetts (see the reviews) and I do not know that seeing the movie would benefit other people. That, however, is for them to decide. It is for us to decide what we are going to do about what this film shows (believe me, the reviewers do not exaggerate--every gory detail that they mention is right before the viewer's eyes in the funny black and white of cinema verité). One sees the gross incompetance of our American system of care--let alone rehabilitation of our insane (criminally or not). Neither the pitiful gray-haired granny volunteers, nor the incapable nurses, nor the grotesquely incompetent doctors, nor the self-gratifying, callous guards are overly mean to the inmates, but the pervading atmosphere is far from friendly or encouraging. There is not only room for improvement, there is a silent begging demand for it.

From what I have heard--I've been away from the good old Record-American for over a year--this film was banned because it is an infringement on the rights of prisoners to privacy which they do not have the mental competency to waive. This seems reasonable enough--show the film with the faces blacked out (maybe even with a few disguises of skin-flick fame).

Whether the film is shown is not, however, of immediate importance; censorship, I should think, is not the issue here. The issue is rehabilitation and/or care of insane human beings. They are just like us when they have their clothes on (which is seldom) they are like us too--they even argue about Viet Nam. If the issue was merely censorship, I would be as excited as I was about I, a Woman (i.e., I would not care to get involved, but would see it if I could); if the issue were privacy, I would wholeheartedly support the ban: but the issue is much more basic. Someone in some kind of authority should be forced to do something concrete about what happens in this film.

In a feeble--and half-hearted--attempt to imitate Time, I'd like to add a word to the Wise and hope it is sufficient. We must realize that although cinema verité shows us what is going on, it nevertheless focuses on wherever it chooses to focus. In his obviously sloppy editing, Mr. Wiseman may be covering up a very exacting technique of selection (look what Nazi Germany did in its documentaries). This would not lessen the need for improvements--what we see did happen--but it makes Wiseman quite a bastard in his (sic) possible exploitation of the insane. I wish I were still romantic enough not to think of things like this, but I am always wary of people who charge $2.50 to see human beings suffer--no matter what good comes of such a showing. Not withstanding the above possibility, Titicut Follies shows the incompetence of our present rehabilitation system. Young Vladimir--and the film as a whole--cry out for concrete help.

---John Griffin

(A bill was recently presented in the Massachusetts legislature giving one the right to sue for invasion of privacy--a direct result of the Titicut affair. Ed.)

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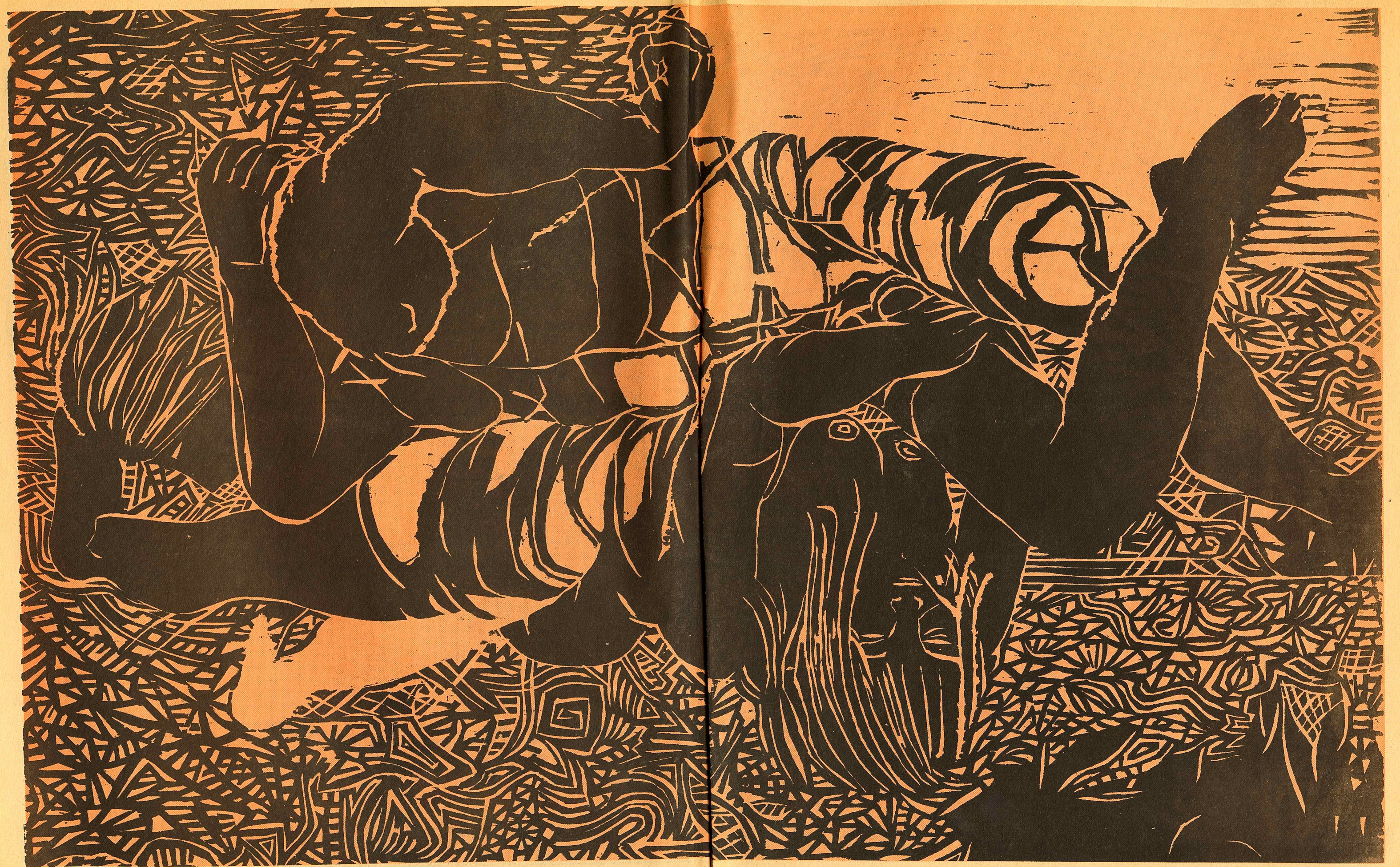
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